

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF THE
EARL OF ROCHESTER.
WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Edition.

I'm none of those who think themselves inspir'd,
Nor write with the vain hope to be admir'd;
But from a rule I have (upon long trial)
T'avoid with care all sort of self-denial.
Which way so'er desire and fancy lead,
(Contemning fame) that path I boldly tread;
And if, exposing what I take for wit,
To my dear self a pleasure I beget,
No matter though the censuring critics fret.

Epistle to Lord Mulgrave.

I loath the rabble; 'tis enough for me
If Sedley, Shadwell, Shephard, Wycherley,
Godolphin, Butler, Buckhurst, Buckingham,
And some few more, whom I omit to name,
Approve my sense, I count their censure fame.

Imitation of Horace.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

LONDON:

Printed for C. COOKE, No. 17, Paternoster-Row;
By J. ASPIN, Lombard Street, Whitefriars;
And sold by all the Booksellers in
Great Britain and
Ireland.

BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN EARL OF ROCHESTER.

Containing his
SELECT POEMS.

viz.

DIALOGUES,
SONGS,

MISCELLANIES,
&c. &c.

He civiliz'd the rude, and taught the young,
Made fools grow wise; such artful magic hung
Upon his useful, kind instructing tongue.
His lively wit was of himself a part;
Not as in other men the work of art:
For, though his learning like his wit was great,
Yet sure all learning came below his wit;
As God's immediate gifts are better far
Than those we borrow from our likeness here,
He was——but I want words, and ne'er can tell;
Yet this I know, he did mankind excel.

Elegy on the Earl of Rochester.

LONDON:
PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED
Under the Direction of
C. COOKE,

LIFE OF ROCHESTER.

JOHN WILMOT, afterwards **EARL OF ROCHESTER**, son of Henry Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, better known by the title of Lord Wilmot, so often mentioned in Clarendon's history, was born at Ditchley, near Woodstock, in Oxfordshire, in April, 1648.

His father evinced the firmest attachment to the person, and zeal in the service of, king Charles I. during the civil wars in which that unfortunate prince was engaged; and thereby so highly conciliated the affection and esteem of his son Charles II. that he entrusted his life to him after the memorable battle of Worcester, and experienced an additional proof of his fidelity, in effecting, by his assiduity and vigilance, his escape into France. He died in 1660, a short time before the Restoration; leaving his son, as his chief inheritance, the honours of his titles, and the merit of his services.

His mother was descended from the ancient and honourable family of the St. Johns, in Wiltshire; and was eminent both for her personal and mental accomplishments: having given a signal proof of the latter in an extraordinary attention to the education of her son, who, after a course of grammatical learning at the school at Burford, was entered, in 1659, at the age of eleven years, as a nobleman in Wadham College, Oxford, under the tuition of Dr. Blandford, afterwards Bishop of Winchester; and in 1661, with some other persons of high rank, was admitted to the degree of Master of Arts, by Lord Clarendon, then chancellor of the university.

Our author, when at the school at Burford, had given evident proofs of the strength of his genius, and the power of his imagination ; and entered so profoundly into the spirit of the Latin language, that he acquired, and retained during the remainder of his life, a taste for polite literature and elegant composition.

Rochester, when he left the university, travelled into France and Italy, under the care of Dr. Balfour, a man of probity and learning, whose advice and example, in some degree, reclaimed his pupil from the dissipated course of life to which he had been early addicted, and reconciled him to his studies, from which he had been diverted by the indulgence of youthful levities, and which he never after totally relinquished, unless when under the baneful influence of inebriety.

On his return from his travels, in his eighteenth year, he devoted himself to the court, which at that time was the seat of jollity and dissipation, countenanced by a prince to whom nothing was more grateful than brilliant conversation and licentious pleasantries. Favoured with a graceful person and commanding address, Rochester soon ingratiated himself with the king, who, charmed with the elegance of his manner, and his colloquial wit and genuine humour, first made him one of the gentlemen of his bed-chamber, and afterwards comptroller of Woodstock park.

In 1665, he went to sea, with admiral the earl of Sandwich, and served in the ship commanded by sir Thomas Tuddeman, when the attack was made on the Dutch East-India fleet, in the port of Bergen, where he distinguished himself by singular feats of valour. The ensuing summer, he served under the command of sir Edward Spragge, who, in the heat of the memorable engagement of that year, having a message of

reproof to send to one of his captains, could not find any officer disposed to carry it but Rochester, who went and returned in an open boat, amidst volleys of shot from the cannon of the enemy.

He appeared at court with great advantage after his naval expedition, but did not long maintain his reputation for bravery, having, in many instances, discovered a timid pusillanimous spirit, by deserting his frolicsome companions, after he had, in conjunction with them, excited quarrels in the public streets; and Sheffield, duke of Buckingham, has left a story of his refusal to fight him, alleging, when he came to the ground, that he was disabled by an emaciated state of body, resulting from the prevalence of a combination of disorders.

Though, in the course of his travels, he had, in a great measure, subdued his inclination to intemperance; when he returned to court he abandoned himself to that debauchery and dissipation which, at that time, were the characteristics of the higher circles; and by which his principles were corrupted, and his morals depraved.

To adopt the words of Dr. Johnson, 'he lost all sense of religious restraint; and finding it not convenient to admit the authority of laws which he was resolved not to obey, sheltered his wickedness behind infidelity.' Indeed, he was so sunk in the grossest sensuality, that, as he confessed to Dr. Burnet, he he was, five years together, continually drunk, or so much inflamed by frequent inebriety, as in no interval, during that period of time, to be perfectly master of his words or actions. In this state of total subserviency to his depraved inclinations, he played many frolics, which cannot be recorded to his honour, nor are they now distinctly known. His general conduct and behaviour shewed an avowed contempt of decency and order, and a total disregard to every moral and social obligation.

He once erected a stage on Tower-hill, and harangued the populace, as a mountebank : and having made phyfic a part of his study, acted the character he assumed with great dexterity and success. The speech he made upon the occasion became the subject of general conversation, by which his vanity was flattered, and his turn for invective rendered more keen by the approbation it met with from the public.

As licentious in his satire as in his general conduct, he spared neither friend nor foe ; nor was majesty itself secure from his sarcasms ; in which he had so peculiar a talent of blending wit with acrimony, as strongly characterized his compositions.

Thus, pursuing a course of inebriate dissoluteness and gross sensuality, with some few intervals of studious attention, perhaps more criminal, he lived, worthless and useless ; till, at the age of thirty-one, he had entirely worn out an excellent constitution, and reduced himself to a state of weakness and decay.

At this time he was led to an acquaintance with Dr. Burnet, to whom he laid open, with great frankness, the tenour of his opinions, and the course of his life ; and from whose cogent arguments he received such convincing proofs of the reasonableness of morality, and the truth and excellence of the Christian religion, as produced a total change in his opinions, and reformation in his manners. The effects of the salutary admonitions of that venerable divine are stated in a book, published by him, entitled, ‘ Some remarkable Passages of the Life and Death of John Earl of Rochester ;’ which, Dr. Johnson says, ‘ the critic ought to read for its elegance, the philosopher for its arguments, and the saint for its piety :’ and adds, ‘ it were an injury to the reader to offer him abridgment.’

He died July 26, 1680, before he had completed his thirty-

third year; and was so worn away by a long illness, that life went out without a struggle. His character, with some remarks on his writings, are thus given, in a summary manner, by that great biographer and critic, Dr. Johnson.

‘ Lord Rochester was eminent for the vigour of his colloquial wit, and remarkable for many wild pranks and fallies of extravagance. The glare of his general character diffused itself upon his writings. The compositions of a man whose name had been heard so often, were certain of attention, and from many readers certain of applause. This blaze of reputation is not yet quite extinguished; and his poetry still retains some splendour beyond that which genius has bestowed.

‘ Wood and Burnet give us reason to believe that much was imputed to him which he did not write. I know not by whom the original collection was made, or by what authority its genuineness was ascertained. The first edition was published in the year of his death, with an air of concealment, professing, in the title-page, to be printed at Antwerp.

‘ Of some of the pieces, however, there is no doubt. The Imitation of Horace’s Satire; the Verses to Lord Mulgrave; the Satire against *Man*; the Verses upon *Nothing*; and some others, are, I believe, genuine; and perhaps most of those published in the Collection of his Poems.

‘ As he cannot be supposed to have found leisure for any course of continued study, his pieces are commonly short, such as one fit of resolution would produce.

‘ His Songs have no particular character; they tell, like other songs, in smooth easy language, of scorn and kindness, dismissal and desertion, absence and inconstancy, with the commonplaces of artificial courtship. They are commonly smooth and easy; but have little nature, and little sentiment.

‘ His Imitation of Horace on Lucilius is not inelegant, nor unhappy. In the reign of Charles II. began that adaptation, which has since been very frequent, of ancient poetry to present times ; and perhaps few will be found where parallelism is better preserved than in this. The versification is, indeed, sometimes careless ; but sometimes vigorous and sprightly.

‘ The strongest effort of his muse is his Poem upon *Nothing*. He is not the first who has chosen this barren topic for the boast of his fertility. There is a poem called *Nihil*, in Latin, by *Passerat*, a poet and critic of the sixteenth century, in France, who, in his own epitaph, expresses his zeal for good poetry, thus :

..... Molliter ossa quiescent
Sint modo carminibus, non onerata malis.

‘ In examining this performance, *Nothing* must be considered as having not only a negative, but a kind of positive, signification ; as, I need not fear thieves : I have *nothing*, and nothing is a very powerful protector. In the first part of the sentence, it is taken negatively ; in the second, it is taken positively, as an agent. In one of Boileau’s lines, it was a question, whether he should use *à rien faire*, or *à ne rien faire* ? and the first was preferred, because it gave *rien* a sense in some sort positive. *Nothing* can be a subject only in its positive sense ; and such a sense is given it in the first line :

Nothing, thou elder brother ev’n to shade.

‘ In this line, I know not whether he does not allude to a book, *De Umbrâ*, by Wowerus, which, having told the qualities of *Shade*, concludes with a poem, in which are these lines :

Jam primum terram validis circumspice claustris
Suspensam totam, decus admirabile mundi

Terrasque tractusque maris, camposque liquentes,
 Aeris, et vasti laqueata palatia coeli . . .
 Omnibus UMBRA prior.

‘ The positive sense is generally preserved with great skill, through the whole poem ; though sometimes, in a subordinate sense, the negative *nothing* is injudiciously mingled. *Passerat* confounds the two senses.

‘ Another of his most vigorous pieces is his Lampoon on Sir Car Scrope, who, in a poem called *The Praise of Satire*, has some lines like these *:

He who can push into a midnight fray
 His brave companion, and then run away,
 Leaving him to be murder'd in the street,
 Then put it off with some buffoon conceit ;
 Him, thus dishonour'd, for a wit you own,
 And court him as top fiddler of the town.

‘ This was meant of Rochester, and drew from him those furious verses ; to which Scrope made, in reply, an Epigram, ending with these lines :

Thou canst hurt no man's fame with thy ill word ;
 Thy pen is full as harmless as thy sword.

‘ Of the Satire against *Man*, Rochester can only claim what remains when all Boileau's part is taken away.

‘ In all his works, there is sprightliness and vigour ; and every where may be found tokens of a mind which study might have carried to excellence ; and what more can be expected from a life spent in ostentatious contempt of regularity, and ended before the abilities of many other men begin to be displayed ?’

* Here the Doctor acknowledges that he quotes from memory.

These brief Memoirs afford a melancholy proof of the fatal effects of genius perverted, and talents misapplied. The Earl of Rochester, from his elevated rank in life, literary endowments, and engaging qualifications, might have rendered himself an ornament to society : instead of this, the record of his transient life serves only as a memento of human frailty, and a blot to sully the page of biography.

From his licentious character, some productions may have been imputed to him, as before observed, without foundation ; but from the manner in which the first edition of his works was ushered into the world, and the known bias of his disposition, it may be reasonably inferred that many of the most exceptionable pieces issued from his pen.

In this Edition, those parts of the original collection, which have the least immoral tendency, have been cautiously omitted ; pursuant to a determination of presenting to the Public such productions only as conduce to instruction and entertainment, on the purest principles of moral rectitude and social virtue.



ELEGY

ON THE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

By Mrs. WHARTON.

DEEP waters silent roll ; so grief like mine
 Tears never can relieve, nor words define.
 Stop then, stop your vain source, weak springs of grief ;
 Let tears flow from their eyes whom tears relieve.
 They from their heads show the light trouble there ;
 Could my heart weep, its sorrows 'twould declare :
 When drops of blood, my heart, thou'st lost ; thy pride,
 The cause of all thy hopes and fears, thy guide !
 He would have led thee right in Wisdom's way ;
 And 'twas thy fault whene'er thou went'st astray :
 And since thou stray'dst when guided and led on,
 Thou wilt be surely lost, now left alone.
 It is thy Elegy I write, not his :
 He lives immortal, and in highest bliss ;
 But thou art dead, alas ! my heart, thou'rt dead :
 He lives, that lovely soul, for ever fled ;
 But thou 'mongst crowds on earth art buried.
 Great was thy loss, which thou canst ne'er express ;
 Nor was th' insensible dull nation's less :
 He civiliz'd the rude, and taught the young,
 Made fools grow wise ; such artful magic hung
 Upon his useful, kind, instructing tongue.
 His lively wit was of himself a part ;
 Not, as in other men, the work of art :

For, though his learning, like his wit, was great,
Yet sure all learning came below his wit ;
As God's immediate gifts are better far
Than those we borrow from our likenefs here,
He was . . . but I want words, and ne'er can tell ;
Yet this I know, he did mankind excel.

He was what no man ever was before,
Nor can indulgent Nature give us more,
For, to make him, she exhausted all her store.



DIALOGUES.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

ALEXIS AND STREPHON.

Written at Bath.

ALEXIS.

THERE sighs not on the plain
So lost a swain as I;
Scorch'd up with love, froze with disdain,
Of killing sweetnesss I complain.

STREPHON.

If 'tis Corinna, die.
Since first my dazzled eyes were thrown
On that bewitching face,
Like ruin'd birds, robb'd of their young,
Lamenting, frighted and undone,
I fly from place to place.
Fram'd by some cruel powers above,
So nice she is, and fair;
None from undoing can remove:
Since all, who are not blind, must love;
Who are not vain, despair.

ALEXIS.

The gods no sooner give a grace,
But, fond of their own art,
Severely jealous, ever place,
To guard the glories of a face,
A dragon in the heart.
Proud and ill-natur'd powers they are,
Who, peevish to mankind,
For their own honour's sake, with care
Make a sweet form divinely fair:
Then add a cruel mind.

STREPHON.

Since she's insensible of love,
 By honour taught to hate;
 If we, forc'd by decrees above,
 Must sensible to beauty prove,
 How tyrannous is Fate!
 I to the nymph have never nam'd
 The cause of all my pain.

ALEXIS.

Such bashfulness may well be blam'd;
 For, since to serve we're not ashamed,
 Why should she blush to reign?

STREPHON.

But, if her haughty heart despise
 My humble proffer'd one,
 The just compassion she denies,
 I may obtain from others' eyes;
 Her's are not fair alone.
 Devouring flames require new food;
 My heart's consum'd almost:
 New fires must kindle in her blood,
 Or mine go out, and that's as good.

ALEXIS.

Would'st live when love is lost?
 Be dead before thy passion dies;
 For if thy should'st survive,
 What anguish would thy heart surprise.
 To see her flames begin to rise,
 And thine no more alive?

STREPHON.

Rather, what pleasure should I meet
 In my triumphant scorn,
 To see my tyrant at my feet;
 While, taught by her, unmov'd I sit
 A tyrant in my turn.

ALEXIS.

Ungentle shepherd! cease, for shame,
 Which way can you pretend
 To merit so divine a flame,

Who to dull life make a mean claim
 When love is at an end?
 As trees are by their bark embrac'd,
 Love to my soul doth cling:
 When torn by the herd's greedy taste,
 The injur'd plants feel they're defac'd
 They wither in the spring.
 My risted love would soon retire,
 Dissolving into air,
 Should I that nymph cease to admire,
 Bless'd in whose arms I will expire,
 Or at her feet despair.

DIALOGUE II.

STREPHON.

PR'YTHEE now, fond fool, give o'er;
 Since my heart is gone before,
 To what purpose should I stay?
 Love commands another way.

DAPHNE.

Perjur'd swain, I knew the time
 When dissembling was your crime,
 In pity now employ that art,
 Which first betray'd, to ease my heart.

STREPHON.

Women can with pleasure feign:
 Men dissemble still with pain.
 What advantage will it prove,
 If I lye, who cannot love?

DAPHNE.

Tell me then the reason, why
 Love from hearts in love does fly?
 Why the bird will build a nest,
 Where she ne'er intends to rest?

STREPHON.

Love, like other little boys,
 Cries for hearts, as they for toys:

Which when gain'd, in childish play,
Wantonly are thrown away.

DAPHNE.

Still on wing, or on his knees,
Love does nothing by degrees;
Basely flying when most priz'd,
Meanly fawning when despis'd.
Flatt'ring or insulting ever,
Generous and grateful never:
All his joys are fleeting dreams,
All his woes severe extremes.

STREPHON.

Nymph, unjustly you inveigh;
Love, like us, must fate obey.
Since 'tis Nature's law to change,
Constancy alone is strange:
See the heavens in lightnings break,
Next in storms of thunder speak;
Till a kind rain from above
Makes a calm—so 'tis in love.
Flames begin our first address,
Like meeting thunder we embrace;
Then, you know, the showers that fall
Quench the fire, and quiet all.

DAPHNE.

How should I the showers forget?
'Twas so pleasant to be wet!
They kill'd love, I knew it well.
I dy'd all the while they fell.
Say at least what nymph it is,
Robs my breast of so much blifs?
If she's fair, I shall be eas'd;
Through my ruin you'll be pleas'd.

STREPHON.

Daphne never was so fair,
Strephon, scarcely, so sincere.
Gentle, innocent, and free,
Ever pleas'd with only me
Many charms my heart enthrall,
But there's one above them all:

With aversion, she does fly
Tedious, trading, constancy.

DAPHNE.

Cruel shepherd! I submit,
Do what love and you think fit:
Change is fate, and not design,
Say you would have still been mine.

STREPHON.

Nymph I cannot: 'tis too true,
Change has greater charms than you.
Be, by my example, wise;
Faith to pleasure sacrifice.

DAPHNE.

Silly swain, I'll have you know,
'Twas my practice long ago:
Whilst you vainly thought me true,
I was false, in scorn of you.
By my tears, my heart's disguise,
I thy love and thee despise.
Womankind more joy discovers,
Making fools, than keeping lovers.



SONGS.

WOMAN'S HONOUR.

A SONG.

I.
LOVE bid me hope, and I obey'd :
Phillis continu'd still unkind :
Then you may e'en despair, he said ;
In vain I strive to change her mind.

II.
Honour's got in, and keeps her heart !
Durst he but venture once abroad,
In my own right I'd take your part,
And shew myself a mightier god.

III.
This huffing Honour domineers
In breasts, where he alone has place :
But if true generous Love appears,
The Hector dares not shew his face.

IV.
Let me still languish and complain,
Be most inhumanly deny'd :
I have some pleasure in my pain ;
She can have none, with all her pride.

V.
I fall a sacrifice to Love :
She lives a wretch for Honour's sake ;
Whose tyrant does most cruel prove,
The diff'rence is not hard to make.

VI.
Consider real Honour, then ;
You'll find her's cannot be the same :
'Tis noble confidence in men,
In women, mean mistrustful shame.



There the kind deity of wine,
Kiss'd the soft wanton god of love.
This clapp'd his wings, that press'd his vine.
And their best powers united move.
Rochester Vide Grecian kindness. Page 7.

Designed by Drummond Ornamented by R. Smithwell Engraved by S. Noble for C. Cooke. Dec. 1780.

GRECIAN KINDNESS.

A SONG.

I.

THE utmost grace the Greeks could shew,
When to the Trojans they grew kind,
Was with their arms to let them go,
And leave their lingering wives behind.
They beat the men, and burnt the town;
Then all the baggage was their own.

II.

There the kind deity of wine
Kiss'd the soft wanton god of love;
This clapp'd his wings, that press'd his vine;
And their best powers united move;
While each brave Greek embrac'd his punk,
Lull'd her asleep, and then grew drunk.

THE MISTRESS.

A SONG.

I.

AN age in her embraces past,
Would seem a winter's day;
Where life and light, with envious haste,
Are torn and snatched away.

II.

But, oh! how slowly minutes roll,
When absent from her eyes;
That fed my love, which is my soul;
It languishes and dies.

III.

For then, no more a soul, but shade,
It mournfully does move,
And haunts my breast, by absence made
The living tomb of love.

IV.

You wiser men, despise me not,
 Whose love-sick fancy raves
 On shades of souls, and heaven knows what:
 Short ages live in graves.

V.

Whene'er those wounding eyes, so full
 Of sweetnesss, you did see,
 Had you not been profoundly dull,
 You had gone mad, like me.

VI.

Nor censure us, you who perceive
 My best-beloved and me,
 Sigh and lament, complain and grieve;
 You think we disagree.

VII.

Alas! 'tis sacred Jealousy,
 Love rais'd to an extreme;
 The only proof, 'twixt them and me,
 We love, and do not dream.

VIII.

Fantastic fancies fondly move,
 And in frail joys believe;
 Taking false pleasure for true love;
 But pain can ne'er deceive.

IX.

Kind, jealous doubts, tormenting fears,
 And anxious cares, when past,
 Prove our heart's treasure fix'd and dear,
 And make us blest at last.

A SONG.

I.

ABSENT from thee, I languish still:
 Then ask me not, When I return?
 The straying fool 'twill plainly kill,
 To wish all day, all night to mourn.

II.

Dear, from thine arms then let me fly,
That my fantastic mind may prove
The torments it deserves to try,
That tears my fix'd heart from my love.

III.

When wearied with a world of woe,
To thy safe bosom I retire;
Where love, and peace, and truth does flow:
May I contented there expire!

IV.

Lest, once more wandering from that heaven,
I fall on some base heart unblest;
Faithless to thee, false, unforgiven,
And lose my everlasting rest.

TO PHILLIS.

A SONG.

I.

PHILLIS, be gentler, I advise,
Make up for time mispent;
When beauty on its death-bed lies,
'Tis high time to repent.

II.

Such is the malice of your fate,
That makes you old so soon;
Your pleasure ever comes too late,
How early e'er begun.

III.

Think what a wretched thing is she,
Whose stars contrive, in spite,
The morning of her love should be
Her fading beauty's night.

IV.

Then if, to make your ruin more,
You'll peevishly be coy,
Die with the scandal of a whore,
And never know the joy.

TO CORINNA.

A SONG.

I.

WHAT cruel pains Corinna takes,
 To force that harmless frown;
 When not one charm her face forfakes,
 Love cannot lose his own.

II.

So sweet a face, so soft a heart,
 Such eyes so very kind.
 Betray, alas! the silly art
 Virtue had ill design'd.

III.

Poor feeble tyrant! who in vain
 Would proudly take upon her,
 Against kind Nature, to maintain
 Affected rules of honour.

IV.

The scorn she bears so helpless proves,
 When I plead passion to her,
 That much she fears (but more she loves)
 Her vassal should undo her.

A SONG.

I.

WHILE on those lovely looks I gaze,
 To see a wretch pursuing,
 In raptures of a blest'd amaze,
 His pleasing happy ruin:
 'Tis not for pity that I move;
 His fate is too aspiring,
 Whose heart, broke with a load of love,
 Dies wishing and admiring.

II.

But if this murder you'd forego,
 Your slave from death removing;
 Let me your art of charming know,
 Or learn you mine of loving.

But whether life or death betide,
 In love 'tis equal measure;
 The victor lives with empty pride,
 The vanquish'd die with pleasure.

LOVE AND LIFE.

A SONG.

I.

ALL my past life is mine no more,
 The flying hours are gone:
 Like transitory dreams giv'n o'er,
 Whose images are kept in store
 By memory alone.

II.

The time that is to come is not;
 How can it then be mine?
 The present moment's all my lot;
 And that, as fast as it is got,
 Phillis, is only thine.

III.

Then talk not of inconstancy,
 False hearts and broken vows;
 If I, by miracle can be
 This live-long minute true to thee,
 'Tis all that heaven allows.

A SONG.

I.

TO this moment a rebel, I throw down my arms,
 Great Love, at first sight of Olinda's bright charms:
 Made proud and secure by such forces as these,
 You may now play the tyrant as long as you please.

II.

When innocence, beauty, and wit, do conspire
 To betray, and engage, and inflame my desire;
 Why should I decline what I cannot avoid,
 And let pleasing hope by base fear be destroy'd?

III.

Her innocence cannot contrive to undo me
 Her beauty's inclin'd, or why should it pursue me ?
 And wit has to pleasure been ever a friend ;
 Then what room for despair since delight is Love's
 end ?

IV.

There can be no danger in sweetness and youth,
 Where love is secur'd by good-nature and truth.
 On her beauty I'll gaze, and of pleasure com-
 plain ;
 While every kind look adds a link to my chain.

V.

'Tis more to maintain, than it was to surprise,
 But her wit leads in triumph the slave of her
 eyes :
 I beheld, with the loss of my freedom before ;
 But, hearing, for ever must serve and adore.

VI.

Too bright is my goddess ! her temple too weak :
 Retire, divine image ; I feel my heart break.
 Help, Love ! I dissolve in a rapture of charms,
 At the thought of those joys I should meet in her
 arms.

A SONG.

I.

AS Chloris full of harmless thoughts
 Beneath a willow lay,
 Kind Love a youthful shepherd brought,
 To pass the time away.

II.

She blushed to be encounter'd so,
 And chid the amorous swain ;
 But, as she strove to rise and go,
 He pull'd her down again.

III.

of A sudden passion seiz'd her heart,
 In spite of her disdain ;
 of I Jo
 of I Jo

She found a pulse in every part,
And love in every vein.

IV.

Ah youth! (said she) what charms are these,
That conquer and surprise?
Ah! let me—for, unless you please,
I have no power to rise.

V.

She fainting spoke, and trembling lay,
For fear he should comply;
Her lovely eyes her heart betray,
And give her tongue the lie.

VI.

Thus she, who princes had deny'd,
With all their pomp and train,
Was in the lucky minute try'd,
And yielded to the swain.

A SONG.

I.

GIVE me but leave to rail at you,
I ask nothing but my due;
To call you false, and then to say
You shall not keep my heart a day:
But, alas! against my will,
I must be your captive still.
Ah! be kinder then; for I
Cannot change, and would not die.

II.

Kindness has resistless charms,
All besides but weakly move,
Fiercest anger it disarms,
And clips the wings of flying love.
Beauty does the heart invade,
Kindness only can persuade;
It gilds the lover's servile chain,
And makes the slave grow pleas'd again.

THE ANSWER.

I.

NOTHING adds to your fond fire
More than scorn, and cold disdain:
I, to cherish your desire,
Kindness used, but 'twas in vain.

II.

You insisted on your slave,
Humble love you soon refus'd;
Hope not then a power to have
Which ingloriously you us'd.

III.

Think not, Thyrsis, I will e'er
By my love my empire lose;
You grow constant through despair,
Love return'd you would abuse.

IV.

Though you still possess my heart,
Scorn and rigour I must feign:
Ah! forgive that only art,
Love has left your love to gain.

V.

You who could my heart subdue,
To new conquests ne'er pretend:
Let th' example make me true,
And of a conquer'd foe a friend.

VI.

Then, if e'er I should complain
Of your empire, or my chain,
Summon all the powerful charms,
And kill the rebel in your arms.

A SONG.

I.

MY dear mistress has a heart
 Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
 When, with love's resistless art,
 And her eyes, she did enslave me.
 But her constancy's so weak,
 She's so wild, and apt to wander,
 That my jealous heart would break,
 Should we live one day afunder.

II.

Melting joys about her move,
 Killing pleasures, wounding blisses :
 She can dress her eyes in love,
 And her lips can warm with kisses.
 Angels listen when she speaks,
 She's my delight, all mankind's wonder ;
 But my jealous heart would break,
 Should we live one day afunder.

A SONG.

IN IMITATION OF SIR JOHN EATON.

I.

TOO late, alas ! I must confess.
 You need not arts to move me :
 Such charms by nature you possess,
 'Twere madness not to love ye.

II.

Then spare a heart you may surprise,
 And give my tongue the glory
 To boast, though my unfaithful eyes
 Betray a tender story.

CONSTANCY.

A SONG.

I.

I Cannot change as others do,
Though you unjustly scorn;
Since the poor swain that sighs for you,
For you alone was born.
No, Phyllis, no, your heart to move
A surer way I'll try;
And, to revenge my slighted love,
Will still love on, will still love on, and die.

II.

When, kill'd with grief, Amyntas lies,
And you to mind shall call
The sighs that now unpity'd rise,
The tears that vainly fall:
That welcome hour that ends his smart,
Will then begin your pain;
For such a faithful tender heart
Can never break, can never break, in vain.



MISCELLANIES.

THE ADVICE.

ALL things submit themselves to your command,
Fair Celia, when it does not love withstand :
The power it borrows from your eyes alone ;
All, but the god, must yield to, who has none.
Were he not blind, such are the charms you have,
He'd quit his godhead to become your slave :
Be proud to act a mortal hero's part,
And throw himself for fame on his own dart.
But fate has otherwise dispos'd of things,
In different hands subjected slaves and kings ;
Fetter'd in forms of royal state are they,
While we enjoy the freedom to obey.
That fate, like you, resistless does ordain
To Love, that over Beauty he shall reign.
By harmony the universe does move,
And what is harmony but mutual love ?
Who would resist an empire so divine,
Which universal nature does enjoin ?
See gentle brooks, how quietly they glide,
Kissing the rugged banks on either side ;
While in their crystal streams at once they show,
And with them feed the flowers which they bestow :
Though rudely thronged by a too near embrace,
In gentle murmurs they keep on their pace
To the lov'd sea ; for streams have their desires ;
Cool as they are, they feel love's powerful fires,
And with such passion, that if any force,
Stop or molest them in their amorous course,
They swell, break down with rage, and ravage o'er
The banks they kiss'd, and flowers they fed before.
Submit, then, Celia, ere you be reduced,
For rebels, vanquish'd once, are vilely us'd.

Beauty's no more but the dead foil, which Love
 Manures, and does by wise commerce improve :
 Sailing by sighs, through seas of tears, he sends
 Courtships from foreign hearts, for your own ends :
 Cherish the trade, for as with Indians, we
 Get gold and jewels, for our trumpery,
 So to each other, for their useles toys,
 Lovers afford whole magazines of joys.
 But, if you're fond of baubles, be, and starve,
 Your gewgaw reputation still preserve :
 Live upon modesty and empty fame,
 Foregoing sense for a fantastic name.

THE DISCOVERY.

CÆLIA, that faithful servant you disown,
 Would in obedience keep his love his own :
 But bright ideas, such as you inspire,
 We can no more conceal, than not admire.
 My heart at home in my own breast did dwell,
 Like humble hermit in a peaceful cell :
 Unknown and undisturb'd it rested there,
 Stranger alike to Hope and to Despair.
 Now Love, with a tumultuous train, invades
 The sacred quiets of those hallow'd shades :
 His fatal flames shine out to every eye,
 Like blazing comets in a winter sky,
 How can my passion merit your offence,
 That challenges so little recompence ?
 For I am one born only to admire,
 Too humble e'er to hope, scarce to desire.
 A thing, whose blifs depends upon your will,
 Who would be proud you'd deign to use him ill.
 Then give me leave to glory in my chain,
 My fruitless sighs, and my unpity'd pain.
 Let me but ever love, and ever be
 Th' example of your power and cruelty.
 Since so much scorn does in your breast reside,
 Be more indulgent to its mother, Pride :

Kill all you strike, and trample on their graves ;
 But own the fates of your neglected slaves :
 When in the crowd your's undistinguish'd lies,
 You give away the triumph of your eyes.
 Perhaps (obtaining this) you'll think I find
 More mercy than your anger has designed :
 But Love has carefully design'd for me
 The last perfection of misery ;
 For to my state the hopes of common peace,
 Which every wretch enjoys in death, must cease.
 My worst of fates attend me in my grave,
 Since, dying, I must be no more your slave.

UPON HIS LEAVING HIS MISTRESS.

I.

'TIS not that I am weary grown
 Of being your's, and your's alone :
 But with what face can I incline
 To damn you to be only mine :
 You, whom some kinder power did fashion,
 By merit, and by inclination,
 The joy at least of a whole nation ?

II.

Let meaner spirits of your sex,
 With humble aims their thoughts perplex :
 And boast, if, by their arts, they can
 Contrive to make one happy man.
 While, mov'd by an impartial sense,
 Favours, like Nature, you dispense,
 With universal influence.

UPON DRINKING IN A BOWL.

I.

VULCAN, contrive me such a cup
 As Nestor us'd of old ;
 Shew all thy skill to trim it up,
 Damask it round with gold.

II.

Make it so large, that, fill'd with sack,
Up to the swelling brim,
Vast toasts on the delicious lake,
Like ships at sea, may swim.

III.

Engrave not battle on his cheek,
With war I've nought to do ;
I'm none of those that took Maestrick,
Nor Yarmouth leaguer knew.

IV.

Let it no name of planets tell,
Fix'd stars, or constellations;
For I am no Sir Sidrophel,
Nor one of his relations.

V.

But carve thereon a spreading vine,
Then add two lovely boys,
Their limbs in amorous folds entwine,
The type of future joys.

VI.

Cupid and Bacchus my fairs are,
 May drink and love still reign!
 With wine I wash away my care,
 And then to love again.

A LETTER

FROM ARTEMISA IN TOWN, TO CHLOE IN
THE COUNTRY.

CHLOE, by your command, in verse I write;
Shortly, you'll bid me ride astride, and fight:
Such talents better with our sex agree,
Than lofty flights of dang'rous poetry.
Among the men, I mean the men of wit,
(At least they pass'd for such before they writ)
How many bold advent'urers for the bays,
Proudly designing large returns of praise;

Who durst that stormy pathless world explore
Were soon dash'd back, and wreck'd on the dull
shore,

Broke of that little stock they had before!
How would a woman's tott'ring bark be tost,
Where stoutest ships (the men of wit) are lost!
When I reflect on this, I straight grow wise,
And my own self I gravely thus advise:

Dear Artemisa! poetry's a snare;
Bedlam has many mansions, have a care!
Your muse diverts you, makes the reader sad;
You think yourself inspir'd, he thinks you mad.
Consider too, 'twill be discreetly done,
To make yourself the fiddle of the town.
To find th' illhumour'd pleasure at their need;
Curs'd when you fail, and scorn'd when you suc-
ceed.

Thus, like an arrant woman as I am,
No sooner well convinc'd writing's a shame,
That whore is scarce a more reproachful name,
Than poetess....

Like men that marry, or like maids that woo,
Because 'tis the very worst thing they can do:
Pleas'd with the contradiction and the sin,
Methinks I stand on thorns till I begin.

Y' expect to hear, at least, what love has past
In this lewd town, since you and I saw last;
What change has happen'd of intrigues, and whe-
ther

The old ones last, and who and who's together?
But how, my dearest Chloe, should I set
My pen to write what I would fain forget!
Or name that lost thing, love, without a tear,
Since so debauch'd by illbred customs here?
Love, the most generous passion of the mind,
The softest refuge innocence can find;
The safe director of unguided youth,
Fraught with kind wishes, and secur'd by truth;
That cordial drop heaven in our cup has thrown,
To make the nauseous draught of life go down;

On which one only blessing God might raise,
 In lands of Atheists, subsidies of praise;
 For none did e'er so dull and stupid prove,
 But felt a God, and blest'd his pow'r, in love;
 This only joy, for which poor we are made,
 Is grown, like play, to be an arrant trade:
 The rooks creep in, and it has got of late
 As many little cheats and tricks as that;
 But, what yet more a woman's heart would vex,
 'Tis chiefly carried on by our own sex;
 Our silly sex, who born, like monarchs, free,
 Turn gypsies for a meaner liberty,
 And hate restraint, tho' but from infamy;
 That call whatever is not common, nice,
 And, deaf to Nature's or to Love's advice,
 Forsake the pleasure to pursue the vice.
 To an exact perfection they have brought
 The action Love, the passion is forgot.
 'Tis below wit, they tell you, to admire,
 And ev'n without approving, they desire:
 Their private wish obeys the public voice,
 'Twixt good and bad, whimsy decides, not choice:
 Fashions grow up for taste, at forms they strike,
 They know what they would have, not what they
 like.

Bovy's a beauty, if some few agree
 To call him so, the rest to that degree
 Affected are, that with their ears they see.

Where I was visiting, the other night,
 Comes a fine lady, with her humble knight,
 Who had prevail'd with her, thro' her own skill,
 At his request, tho' much against his will,
 To come to London....

As the coach stopt, I heard her voice, more loud
 Than a great-belly'd woman's in a crowd,
 Telling the knight, that her affairs require
 He for some hours obsequiously retire.

I think she was ashamed he should be seen:
 Hard fate of husbands! the gallant had been,
 Tho' a diseas'd ill-favour'd fool, brought in.

Dispatch, says she, the business you pretend,
 Your beastly visit to your drunken friend,
 A bottle ever makes you look so fine :
 Methinks I long to smell you stink of wine.
 Your country drinking-breath's enough to kill ;
 Sour ale, corrected with a lemon-peel.
 Pr'ythee farewell ! we'll meet again anon—
 The necessary thing bows, and is gone
 She flies up stairs, and all the haste does shew
 That fifty antic postures will allow ;
 And then bursts out—Dear Madam ! am not I
 The strangest, alter'd creature ? Let me die !
 I find myself ridiculously grown
 Embarrass'd, with my being out of town ;
 Rude and untaught, like any Indian queen,
 My country nakedness is plainly seen.
 How is Love govern'd ? Love that rules the state ;
 And pray, who are the men most worn of late ?
 When I was marry'd, fools were à-la-mode,
 The men of wit were then held incommode :
 Slow of belief, and fickle in desire,
 Who, ere they'll be persuaded, must enquire,
 As if they came to spy, and not t' admire :
 With searching wisdom, fatal to their ease,
 They still find out, why, what, may, should not
 please ;
 Nay, take themselves for injur'd, when we dare
 Make them think better of us than we are ;
 And if we hide our frailties from their sights,
 Call us deceitful jilts and hypocrites ;
 They little guess, who at our arts are griev'd,
 The perfect joy of being well deceiv'd ;
 Inquisitive as jealous cuckolds grow,
 Rather than not be knowing, they will know
 What, being known, creates their certain woe.
 Women should these, of all mankind, avoid,
 For wonder by clear knowledge is destroy'd.
 Woman, who is an arrant bird of night,
 Bold in the dusk, before a fool's dull sight
 Must fly, when Reason brings the glaring light.

But the kind, easy fool, apt to admire
Himself, trusts us; his follies all conspire
To flatter his, and favour our desire.

Vain of his proper merit, he with ease
Believes we love him best, and best can please;
On him our gross, dull, common flatt'ries pass,
Ever most happy when most made an ass;
Heavy to apprehend, though all mankind
Perceive us false, the fop himself is blind;
Who, doating on himself....

Thinks ev'ry one that sees him of his mind.
These are true women's men—Here, forc'd to cease,
Thro' want of breath, not will, to hold her peace,
She to the window runs, where she had spy'd
Her much esteem'd dear friend, the monkey, ty'd;
With forty smiles, as many antic bows,
As if 't had been the lady of the house,
The dirty, chatt'ring monster she embrac'd,
And made it this fine tender speech at last:

Kiss me, thou curious miniature of man;
How odd thou art, how pretty, how Japan!
Oh! I could live and die with thee; then on,
For half an hour, in compliments she ran.
I took this time to think what Nature meant
When this mixt thing into the world she sent,
So very wise, yet so impertinent:
One that knows ev'ry thing that God thought fit,
Should be an ass through choice, not want of wit;
Whose foppery, without the help of sense,
Could ne'er have rose to such an excellence:
Nature's as lame in making a true fop,
As a philosopher; the very top
And dignity of folly we attain
By studious search and labour of the brain.
By observation, counsel, and deep thought:
God never made a coxcomb worth a groat;
We owe that name to industry and arts:
An eminent fool must be a fool of parts,
And such was she, who had turn'd o'er
As many books as men, lov'd much, read more,

Had a discerning wit ; to her was known
Every one's fault or merit, but her own.
All the good qualities that ever blest
A woman so distinguish'd from the rest,
Except discretion only, she possess'd. }
But now—*Mon cher*, dear Pug ! she cries, adieu !
And the discourse broke off does thus renew :—

You smile to see me, whom the world, perchance,
Mistakes to have some wit, so far advance
The interest of fools, that I approve
Their merit more than men of wit, in love ;
But in our sex too many proofs there are
Of such whom wits undo, and fools repair.
This, in my time, was so observ'd a rule,
Hardly a wench in town but had her fool ;
The meanest common slut, who long was grown
The jest and scorn of ev'ry pit buffoon,
Had yet left charms enough to have subdu'd
Some fop or other, fond to be thought lewd.
Foster could make an Irish Lord a Nokes,
And Betty Morris had her city Cokes.
A woman's ne'er so ruin'd, but she can
Be still reveng'd on her undoer, man.
How lost soe'er, she'll find some lover more
A lewd abandon'd fool, than she a whore.
That wretched thing, Corinna, who has run
Thro' all the sev'ral ways of being undone,
Cozen'd at first by love, and living then
By turning the too dear-bought cheat on men.
Gay were the hours, and wing'd with joy they flew,
When first the town her early beauties knew ;
Courted, admir'd, and lov'd, with presents fed,
Youth in her looks, and pleasure in her bed ;
Till fate, or her ill angel, thought it fit
To make her doat upon a man of wit ;
Who found 'twas dull to love above a day,
Made his ill-natur'd jest, and went away.
Now, scorn'd of all, forsaken, and oppress'd,
She's a *memento mori* to the rest ;

Diseas'd, decay'd, to take up half a crown
Must mortgage her long scarf and mantua gown;
Poor creature! who, unheard of, as a fly
In some dark hole must all the winter lie,
And want and dirt endure for a whole half-year,
That for one month she tawdry may appear.
In Easter-term she gets her a new gown;
When my young master's worship comes to town,
From Pedagogue and mother just set free,
The heir and hopes of a great family;
Who with strong beer and beef the country rules,
And ever since the Conquest have been fools;
And now with careful prospect to maintain
This character, lest crossing of the strain
Should mend the booby breed, his friends provide
A cousin of his own to be his bride:
And thus set out.....

With an estate, no wit, and a young wife,
The solid comforts of a coxcomb's life,
Dunghill and pease forlook, he comes to town,
Turns spark, learns to be lewd, and is undone:
Nothing suits worse with vice than want of sense,
Fools are still wicked at their own expence.
This o'ergrown schoolboy lost Corinna wins;
At the first dash to make an afs begins;
Pretends to like a man that has not known
The vanities or vices of the town.
Fresh is the youth, and faithful is his love,
Eager of joys which he does seldom prove;
Healthful and strong, he does no pains endure,
But what the fair one he adores can cure;
Grateful for favours, does the sex esteem,
And libels none for being kind to him;
Then of the lewdness of the town complains,
Rails at the wits and atheists, and maintains
'Tis better than good sense, than pow'r, or wealth,
To have a blood untainted, youth, and health.
The unbred puppy, who had never seen
A creature look so gay, or talk so fine,

Believes, then falls in love, and then in debt ;
 Mortgages all, ev'n to the ancient seat,
 To buy his mistress a new house for life,
 To give her plate and jewels, robs his wife ;
 And when to th' height of fondness he is grown,
 'Tis time to poison him, and all's her own :
 Thus meeting in her common arms his fate,
 He leaves her bastard heir to his estate ;
 And, as the race of such an owl deserves,
 His own dull lawful progeny he starves.
 Nature (that never made a thing in vain,
 But does each insect to some end ordain)
 Wisely provokes kind keeping fools, no doubt,
 To patch up vices men of wit wear out.—
 Thus she ran on two hours, some grains of sense
 Still mix'd with follies of impertinence,
 But now 'tis time I should some pity shew
 To Chloe, since I cannot choose but know,
 Readers must reap what dullest writers sow.
 By the next post I will such stories tell,
 As, join'd to these, shall to a volume swell ;
 As true as heaven, more infamous than hell.
 But you are tir'd, and so am I. Farewell.

AN EPISTOLARY ESSAY
 FROM LORD ROCHESTER TO LORD MULGRAVE
 UPON THEIR MUTUAL POEMS.

DEAR friend, I hear this town does so abound
 In saucy censures, that faults are found
 With what of late we, in poetic rage
 Bestowing, threw away on the dull age.
 But howsoe'er envy their spleen may raise,
 To rob my brows of the deserved bays)
 Their thanks, at least, I merit; since through me
 They are partakers of your poetry.
 And this is all I'll say in my defence,
 T' obtain one line of your well worded sense,
 I'll be content t' have it writ the " British
 " Prince."

I'm none of those who think themselves inspir'd,
 Nor write with the vain hope to be admir'd;
 But from a rule I have (upon long trial)
 T' avoid with care all sort of self-denial,
 Which way foe'er desire and fancy lead,
 (Contemning fame) that path I boldly tread:
 And if, exposing what I take for wit,
 To my dear self a pleasure I beget,
 No matter though the censuring critics fret,
 These whom my Muse displeases are at strife,
 With equal spleen, against my course of life;
 The least delight of which I'll not forego,
 For all the flattering praise man can bestow.
 If I design'd to please, the way were then
 To mend my manners rather than my pen:
 The first's unnatural, therefore unfit;
 And for the second I despair of it,
 Since grace is not so hard to get as wit:
 Perhaps ill verses ought to be confin'd,
 In mere good breeding, like unfavoury wind.
 Were reading forc'd, I should be apt to think,
 Men might no more write scurvily than stink.
 I'll own that you write better than I do,
 But I have as much need to write as you.
 In all I write, should sense, and wit, and rhyme,
 Fail me at once, yet something so sublime
 Shall stamp my poem, that the world may see
 It could have been produc'd by none but me.
 And that's my end; for man can wish no more
 Than so to write, as none e'er writ before;
 Yet why am I no poet of the times?
 I have allusions, similies, and rhymes,
 And wit; or else 'tis hard that I alone,
 Of the whole race of mankind, should have none.
 Unequally the partial hand of heaven
 Has all but this one only blessing given.
 The world appears like a great family,
 Whose lord, oppress'd with pride and poverty,
 (That to a few great bounty he may shew)
 Is fain to starve the numerous train below.

Just so seems Providence, as poor and vain,
Keeping more creatures than it can maintain :
Here 'tis profuse, and there it meanly saves,
And for one prince, it makes ten thousand slaves.
In wit alone 't has been munificent,
Of which so just a share to each is sent,
That the most avaricious are content. }
For none e'er thought (the due division such)
His own too little, or his friend's too much.
Yet most men shew, or find, great want of wit,
Writing themselves, or judging what is writ.
But I, who am of sprightly vigour full,
Look on mankind as envious and dull.
Born to myself, I like myself alone,
And must conclude my judgment good, or none ;
For could my sense be naught, how should I know
Whether another man's were good or no ?
Thus I resolve of my own poetry,
That 'tis the best ; and there's a fame for me.
If then I'm happy, what does it advance,
Whether to merit due, or arrogance ?
Oh, but the world will take offence hereby !
Why then the world shall suffer for it, not I.
Did e'er the faucy world and I agree,
To let it have its beastly will on me ?
Why should my prostituted sense be drawn,
To every rule their musty customs spawn ?
But men may censure you ; 'tis two to one,
Whene'er they censure, they'll be in the wrong.
There's not a thing on earth, that I can name,
So foolish, and so false, as common fame.
It calls the courtier knave, the plain man rude,
Haughty the grave, and the delightful lewd,
Impertinent the brisk, morose the sad,
Mean the familiar, the reserv'd one mad :
Poor helpless woman is not favour'd more,
She's a sly hypocrite, or public whore.
Then who the devil would give this—to be free
From th' innocent reproach of infamy ?

These things consider'd, make me (in despite
Of idle rumour) keep at home and write.

A TRIAL
OF THE POETS FOR THE BAYS. IN IMITATION
OF A SATIRE IN BOILEAU.

SINCE the sons of the Muses grew numerous and
loud,

For th' appeasing so factious and clamorous a
crowd,

Apollo thought fit, in so weighty a cause,

T' establish a government, leader, and laws.

The hopes of the bays, at the summoning call,

Had drawn them together, the devil and all;

All thronging and list'ning, they gap'd for the
blessing:

No presbyter sermon had more crowding and press-
ing:

In the head of the gang, John Dryden appear'd,

That ancient grave wit, so long lov'd and fear'd,

But Apollo had heard a story in town,

Of his quitting the Muses, to wear the black gown;

And so gave him leave now his poetry's done,

To let him turn priest since R—— is turn'd nun.

This reverend author was no looner set by,

But Apollo had got gentle George * in his eye,

And frankly confess'd, of all men that writ,

There's none had more fancy, sense, judgment, and
wit:

But in th' crying sin, idleness, he was so harden'd,

That his long seven years' silence was not to be par-
don'd.

——W——y † was the next man shew'd his face.

But Apollo e'en thought him too good for the
place;

* Sir George Etherege.

† Mr. Wycherley.

No gentleman writer that office should bear,
But a trader in wit the laurel should wear,
As none but a Cit—e'er makes a Lord-mayor.
Next in the crowd, Tom Shadwell does wallow,
And swears by his guts, his paunch, and his tallow,
That 'tis he alone best pleases the age,
Himself and his wife have supported the stage:
Apollo, well pleas'd with so bonny a lad,
T' oblige him, he told him, he should be huge
glad,
Had he half so much wit, as he fancy'd he had.
Nat Lee stepp'd in next, in hopes of a prize,
Apollo remember'd he had hit once in thrice;
By the rubies in's face, he could not deny,
But he had as much wit as wine could supply;
Confess'd that indeed he had a musical note,
But sometimes strain'd so hard that he rattled in
throat;
Yet owning he had sense, t' encourage him for't,
He made him his Ovid in Augustus's court.
Poor Settle, his trial was the next came about,
He brought him an Ibrahim with the preface torn
out,
And humbly desir'd he might give no offence;
D—n him, cries Shadwell, he cannot write sense:
And Bancks, cry'd Newport, I hate that dull rogue;
Apollo, considering he was not in vogue,
Would not trust his dear bays with so modest a fool,
And bid the great boy be sent back to school.
Tom Otway came next, Tom Shadwell's dear Zany,
And swears, for heroics, he writes best of any;
Don Carlos his pockets so amply had fill'd,
That his mange was quite cur'd, and his lice were
all kill'd;
Anababaluthu put in for a share,
And little Tom Essence's author was there:
But Apollo had seen his face on the stage,
And prudently did not think fit to engage
The scum of a play-house, for the prop of an age.

In the numerous crowd that encompass'd him round,
 Little starch'd Johnny Crown at his elbow he found,
 His cravat string new iron'd, he gently did stretch
 His lily white had out, the laurel to reach.

Alleging that he had most right to the bays,
 For writing romances, and sh-ting of plays:
 Apollo rose up, and gravely confests'd,
 Of all men that writ, his talent was best;
 For since pain and dishonour man's life only damn,
 The greatest felicity mankind can claim,
 Is to want sence of smart, and be past sence of
 shame;

And to perfect his blifs in poetical rapture,
 He bid him be dull to the end of the chapter.
 The poetess Afra next shew'd her sweet face,
 And swore by her poety, and her black ace,
 The laurel by a double right was her own,
 For the plays she had writ, and the conquests she
 had won.

Apollo acknowledg'd 'twas hard to deny her,
 Yet, to deal frankly and ingenuously by her,
 He told her, were conquests and charms her pre-
 tence,

She ought to have pleaded a dozen years since.
 Nor could D'Ursey forbear for the laurel to
 stickle,

Protesting that he had the honour to tickle
 Th' ears of the town, with his dear madam Fickle.
 With other pretenders, whose names I'd rehearse,
 But that they're too long to stand in my verse:

Apollo, quite tir'd with their tedious harangue,
 At last found Tom Betterton's face in the gang,
 For, since poets without the kind players may
 hang,

By his one sacred light he solemnly swore,
 That in search of a laureat he'd look out no more.
 A general murmur ran quite through the hall,
 To think that the bays to an actor would fall;
 Tom told them, to put his desert to the test,
 That he had MAID plays as well as the best,

And was the great'st wonder the age ever bore,
Of all the play scribblers that e'er writ before,
His wit had most worth, and modesty in't,
For he had writ plays, yet ne'er came in print.

A SATYR AGAINST MANKIND.

WERE I, who to my cost already am
One of those strange prodigious creatures man,
A spirit free, to choose for my own share,
What sort of flesh and blood I pleas'd to wear,
I'd be a dog, a monkey, or a bear,
Or any thing, but that vain animal,
Who is so proud of being rational.
The senses are too gross, and he'll contrive
A sixth, to contradict the other five;
And, before certain instinct, will prefer
Reason, which fifty times for one does err.
Reason, an *ignis fatuus* of the mind,
Which leaves the light of nature, sense, behind:
Pathless and dangerous wandering ways it takes,
Through error's fenny bogs, and thorny brakes;
Whilst the misguided follower climbs with pain
Mountains of whimsies, heapt in his own brain:
Stumbling from thought to thought, falls headlong
down
Into Doubt's boundless sea, where, like to drown,
Books bear him up a while, and make him try
To swim with bladders of philosophy;
In hopes still to o'ertake the skipping light,
The vapour dances in his dazzled sight,
Till, spent, it leaves him to eternal night.
Then Old Age and Experience, hand in hand,
Lead him to death, and make him understand,
After a search so painful and so long,
That all his life he has been in the wrong.
Huddled in dirt, this reasoning engine lies,
Who was so proud, so witty, and so wise:

Pride drew him in, as cheats their bubbles catch,
 And made him venture to be made a wretch :
 His wisdom did his happiness destroy,
 Aiming to know the world he should enjoy :
 And wit was his vain frivolous pretence,
 Of pleasing others at his own expence ;
 For wits are treated just like common whores,
 First they're enjoy'd, and then kick'd out of doors :
 The pleasure past, a threatening doubt remains,
 That frights th' enjoyer with succeeding pains.
 Women, and men of wit, are dangerous tools,
 And ever fatal to admiring fools.
 Pleasure allures ; and when the fops escape,
 'Tis not that they are lov'd, but fortunate ;
 And therefore what they fear at heart they hate. }
 But now, methinks, some formal band and beard,
 Takes me to task : come on, Sir, I'm prepar'd.
 Then, by your favour, any thing that's writ,
 Against this gibing, gingling knack, call'd Wit,
 Like me abundantly ; but you'll take care,
 Upon this point, and not be too severe ;
 Perhaps my Muse were fitter for this part ;
 For, I profess, I can be very smart }
 On wit, which I abhor with all my heart. }
 I long to lash it in some sharp essay,
 But your grand indiscretion bids me stay,
 And turns my tide of ink another way. }
 What rage ferments in your degenerate mind,
 To make you rail at reason and mankind ?
 Blest glorious man, to whom alone kind heaven
 An everlasting soul hath freely given ;
 Whom his great Maker took such care to make,
 That from himself he did the image take,
 And this fair frame in shining reason drest,
 To dignify his nature above beast :
 Reason, by whose aspiring influence,
 We take a flight beyond material sense,
 Dive into mysteries, then soaring pierce
 The flaming limits of the universe,

Search heaven and hell, find out what's acted there,
And give the world true grounds of hope and fear.

Hold, mighty man, I cry; all this we know
From the pathetic pen of Ingelo,
From Patrick's Pilgrim, Sibb's Soliloquies,
And 'tis this very reason I despise;
This supernatural gift, that makes a mite
Think he's the image of the Infinite;
Comparing his short life, void of all rest,
To the Eternal and the Ever-blest;
This busy puzzling stirrer-up of doubt,
That frames deep mysteries, then finds them out,
Filling with frantic crowds of thinking fools,
The reverend bedlams, colleges, and schools,
Borne on those wings, each heavy sot can pierce
The limits of the boundless universe:
So charming ointments make an old witch fly,
And bear a crippled carcase through the sky.
'Tis this exalted power, whose business lies
In nonsense and impossibilities:
This made a whimsical philosopher,
Before the spacious world his tub prefer;
And we have many modern coxcombs, who
Retire to think, 'cause they have nought to do.
But thoughts were given for action's government,
Where action ceases, thought's impertinent.
Our sphere of action is life's happiness,
And he that thinks beyond, thinks like an ass.
Thus whilst against false reasoning I inveigh,
I own right reason, which I would obey;
That reason, which distinguishes by sense,
And gives us rules of good and ill from thence;
That bounds desires with a reforming will,
To keep them more in vigour, not to kill:
Your reason hinders, mine helps to enjoy,
Renewing appetites, your's would destroy.
My reason is my friend, your's is a cheat:
Hunger calls out, my reason bids me eat:
Perversely your's your appetite does mock:
This asks for food, that answers, what's a clock?

This plain distinction, sir, your doubt secures :
 'Tis not true reason I despise, but your's.
 Thus I think reason righted : but for man,
 I'll ne'er recant ; defend him, if you can.
 For all his pride and his philosophy,
 'Tis evident that beasts are, in their degree,
 As wise at least, and better far than he. }
 Those creatures are the wisest, who attain,
 By surest means, the ends at which they aim.
 If therefore Jowler finds and kills his hare,
 Better than Meres supplies committee-chair :
 Though one's a statesman, th' other but a hound,
 Jowler in justice will be wiser found.
 You see how far man's wisdom here extends :
 Look next if human nature makes amends ;
 Whose principles are most generous and just ;
 And to whose morals you would sooner trust ?
 Be judge yourself ; I'll bring it to the test,
 Which is the basest creature, man or beast ?
 Birds feed on birds, beast on each other prey,
 But savage man alone does man betray.
 Prefs'd by necessity, they kill for food ;
 Man undoes man, to do himself no good :
 With teeth and claws by nature arm'd, they hunt
 Nature's allowance, to supply their want ;
 But man, with smiles, embraces, friendships, praise,
 Inhumanely his fellow's life betrays,
 With voluntary pains works his distress,
 Not through necessity, but wantonness.
 For hunger or for love, they bite or tear :
 Whilst wretched man is still in arms for fear :
 For fear he arms, and is of arms afraid ;
 From fear to fear successively betray'd :
 Base fear, the source whence his base passions
 came,
 His boasted honour, and his dear-bought fame :
 The lust of power, to which he's such a slave,
 And for the which alone he dares be brave ;
 To which his various projects are design'd,
 Which makes him generous, affable, and kind ;

For which he takes such pains to be thought wise,
 And screws his actions in a forc'd disguise;
 Leads a most tedious life, in misery,
 Under laborious, mean hypocrisy.
 Look to the bottom of his vast design,
 Wherein man's wisdom, power, and glory, join:
 The good he acts, the ill he does endure;
 'Tis all from fear, to make himself secure.
 Merely for safety, after fame they thirst;
 For all men would be cowards if they durst:
 And honesty's against all common sense;
 Men must be knaves; 'tis in their own defence,
 Mankind's dishonest: if you think it fair,
 Amongst known cheats, to play upon the square,
 You'll be undone....
 Nor can weak truth your reputation save;
 The knaves will all agree to call you knave.
 Wrong'd shall he live, insulted o'er, oppress'd,
 Who dares be less a villain than the rest.
 Thus here you see what human nature craves,
 Most men are cowards, all men should be knaves.
 The difference lies, as far as I can see,
 Not in the thing itself, but the degree;
 And all the subject-matter of debate,
 Is only, who's a knave of the first rate?

POSTSCRIPT.

ALL this with indignation have I hurl'd
 At the pretending part of the proud world,
 Who, swoln with selfish vanity, devise
 False freedoms, holy cheats, and formal lies,
 Over their fellow-slaves to tyrannize.

But if in court so just a man there be,
 (In court a just man, yet unknown to me)
 Who does his needful flattery direct,
 Not to oppress and ruin, but protect;
 Since flattery, which way soever laid,
 Is still a tax on that unhappy trade:

If so upright a statesman you can find,
 Whose passions bend to his unbias'd mind
 Who does his arts and policies apply,
 To raise his country, not his family.

Is there a mortal who on God relies?
 Whose life his faith and doctrine justifies?
 Not one blown up with vain aspiring pride,
 Who, for reproof of sins, does man deride;
 Whose envious heart, with saucy eloquence,
 Dares chide at kings, and rail at men of sense;
 Who in his talking vents more peevish lies,
 More bitter railings, scandals, calumnies,
 Than at a gossiping are thrown about,
 When the good wives drink free, and then fall out.
 None of the sensual tribe, whose talents lie
 In avarice, pride, in sloth, and gluttony;
 Who hunt preferment, but abhor good lives;
 Whose lust exalted to that height arrives,
 They act adultery with their own wives;
 And, ere a score of years completed be,
 Can from the lofty stage of honour see
 Half a large parish their own progeny.

Nor doating—who would be ador'd,
 For domineering at the council-board;
 A greater fop, in business at fourscore,
 Fonder of serious toys, affected more,
 Than the gay, glittering fool at twenty proves,
 With all his noise, his tawdry clothes, and loves.

But a meek, humble man, of modest sense,
 Who, preaching peace, does practise continence;
 Whose pious life's a proof he does believe
 Mysterious truths, which no man can conceive.
 If upon earth there dwell such godlike men,
 I'll here recant my paradox to them,
 Adore those shrines of virtue, homage pay,
 And, with the thinking world, their laws obey.
 If such there are, yet grant me this at least,
 Man differs more from man, than man from beast.

THE MAIMED DEBAUCHEE.

I.

AS some brave admiral, in former war
 Depriv'd of force, but prest with courage still,
 Two rival fleets appearing from afar,
 Crawls to the top of an adjacent hill;

II.

From whence (with thoughts full of concern) he
 views

The wise and daring conduct of the fight;
 And each bold action to his mind renews
 His present glory and his past delight.

III.

From his fierce eyes flashes of rage he throws,
 As from black clouds when light'ning breaks
 away,
 Transported, thinks himself amidst his foes,
 And absent, yet enjoys the bloody day.

IV.

So when my days of impotence approach,
 And I'm by wine, and love's unlucky chance,
 Driven from the pleasing billows of debauch,
 On the dull shore of lazy temperance,

V.

My pains at last some respite shall afford,
 While I behold the battles you maintain,
 When fleets of glasses sail around the board,
 From whose broadsides vollies of wit shall rain.

VI.

Nor shall the sight of honourable scars,
 Which my too forward valour did procure,
 Frighten new-listed soldiers from the wars:
 Past joys have more than paid what I endure.

VII.

Should some brave youth (worth' being drunk)
 prove nice,
 And from his fair inviter meanly shrink,

'Twould please the ghost of my departed vice,
If, at my council, he repent and drink.

VIII.

Or should some cold-complexion'd sot forbid,
With his dull morals, our night's brisk alarms,
I'll fire his blood, by telling what I did
When I was strong, and able to bear arms.

IX.

I'll tell of whores, attack'd their lords at home,
Bawd's quarters beaten up, and fortrefs won;
Windows demolish'd, watches overcome,
And handsome ills by my contrivance done.

X.

With tales like these I will such heat inspire,
As to important mischief shall incline;
I'll make him long some ancient church to fire,
And fear no lewdness they're call'd to by wine.

XI.

Thus, statesman-like, I'll faucily impose,
And, safe from danger, valiantly advise;
Shelter'd in impotence, urge you to blows,
And, being good for nothing else, be wise.

UPON NOTHING.

I.

NOTHING! thou elder brother ev'n to shade,
That hadst a being ere the world was made,
And (well fixt) art alone of ending not afraid.

II.

Ere Time and Place were, Time and Place were
not,
When primitive Nothing Something straight begot,
Then all proceeded from the great united—What.

III.

Something, the general attribute of all,
Sever'd from thee, its sole original,
Into thy boundless self must undistinguish'd fall.

IV.

Yet Something did thy mighty power command,
And from thy fruitful emptiness's hand
Snatch'd men, beasts, birds, fire, air, and land.

V.

Matter, the wicked'st offspring of thy race,
By form assisted, flew from thy embrace ;
And rebel Light obscur'd thy reverend dusky face.

VI.

With Form and Matter, Time and Place did join;
Body, thy foe, with thee did leagues combine,
To spoil thy peaceful realm, and ruin all thy line.

VII.

But turn-coat Time assists the foe in vain,
And, brib'd by thee, assists thy short-liv'd reign,
And to thy hungrywomb drives back thy slavesagain.

VIII.

Though mysteries are barr'd from laic eyes,
And the divine alone, with warrant, pries
Into thy bosom, where the truth in private lies ;

IX.

Yet this of thee the wise may freely say,
Thou from the virtuous Nothing tak'st away,
And to be part with thee the wicked wisely pray.

X.

Great Negative! how vainly would the wise
Enquire, define, distinguish, teach, devise?
Didst thou not stand to point their dull philosophies.

XI.

Is, or is not, the two great ends of Fate,
And, true or false, the subject of debate,
That perfect or destroy the vast designs of Fate ;

XII.

When they have rack'd the politician's breast,
Within thy bosom most securely rest,
And, when reduc'd to thee, are least unsafe and best.

XIII.

But Nothing, why does Something still permit,
That sacred monarchs should at council sit,
With persons highly thought at best for nothing fit?

XIV.

While weighty Something modestly abstains
 From princes' coffers, and from statesmen's brains,
 And nothing there like stately Nothing reigns.

XV.

Nothing, who dwell'st with fools in grave disguise,
 For whom they reverend shapes and forms devise,
 Lawn sleeves, and furs, and gowns, when they, like
 thee, look wise.

XVI.

French truth, Dutch prowess, British policy,
 Hibernian learning, Scotch civility,
 Spaniards' dispatch, Danes' wit, are mainly seen in
 thee.

XVII.

The great man's gratitude to his best friend.
 Kings' promises, whores' vows, towards thee they
 bend,
 Flow swiftly into thee, and in thee ever end.

TRANSLATION OF SOME LINES IN LUCRETIUS.

THE Gods, by right of nature, must possess
 An everlasting age of perfect peace;
 Far off remov'd from us and our affairs,
 Neither approach'd by dangers nor by cares;
 Rich in themselves, to whom we cannot add;
 Not pleas'd by good deeds, nor provok'd by bad.

THE LATTER END OF THE CHORUS OF THE SECOND ACT OF SENECA'S TROAS, TRANSLATED.

AFTER Death nothing is, and nothing Death,
 The utmost limits of a gasp of breath.
 Let the ambitious zealot lay aside
 His hopes of heaven (whose faith is but his pride);

Let slavish souls lay by their fear,
Nor be concern'd, which way, or where,
After this life, they shall be hurl'd :
Dead, we become the lumber of the world ;
And to that mass of matter shall be swept,
Where things destroy'd with things unborn are kept:
Devouring Time swallows us whole ;
Impartial Death confounds body and soul :
For hell, and the foul fiend that rules
The everlasting fiery gaols,
Devis'd by rogues, dreaded by fools,
With his grim grisly dog that keeps the door,
Are senseless stories, idle tales,
Dreams, whimsies, and no more.

TO HIS SACRED MAJESTY,
ON HIS RESTORATION IN THE YEAR 1660.

VIRTUE's triumphant shrine ! who dost engage
At once three kingdoms in a pilgrimage ;
Which in extatic duty strive to come
Out of themselves, as well as from their home ;
Whilst England grows one camp, and London is
Itself the nation, not metropolis :
And loyal Kent renews her arts again,
Fencing her ways with moving groves of men :
Forgive this distant homage, which does meet
Your blest approach on sedentary feet ;
And though my youth, not patient yet to bear
The weight of arms, denies me to appear
In steel before you ; yet, great Sir, approve
My manly wishes, and more vigorous love ;
In whom a cold respect were treason to
A father's ashes, greater than to you ;
Whose one ambition 'tis for to be known,
By daring loyalty, your Wilmot's son.

Wadb. Coll.

ROCHESTER.

TO HER SACRED MAJESTY THE
 QUEEN-MOTHER,
 ON THE DEATH OF MARY, PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

RESPITE, great queen, your just and hasty fears :
 There's no infection lodges in our tears.
 Though our unhappy air be arm'd with death,
 Yet sighs have an untainted guiltless breath.
 Oh! stay a while, and teach your equal skill
 To understand, and to support our ill.
 You that in mighty wrongs an age have spent,
 And seem to have outliv'd ev'n banishment :
 Whom traiterous mischief fought its earliest prey,
 When to most sacred blood it made its way,
 And did thereby its black design impart,
 To take his head, that wounded first his heart :
 You that unmov'd great Charles's ruin stood,
 When three great nations sunk beneath the load ;
 Then a young daughter lost, yet balsam found
 To staunch that new and freshly-bleeding wound ;
 And, after this, with fixt and steady eyes,
 Beheld your noble Gloucester's obsequies ;
 And then sustain'd the royal princess' fall :
 You only can lament her funeral.
 But you will hence remove, and leave behind
 Our sad complaints, lost in the empty wind ;
 Those winds that bid you stay, and loudly roar
 Destruction, and drive back to the firm shore ;
 Shipwreck to safety, and the envy fly
 Of sharing in this scene of tragedy ;
 While sickness, from whose rage you post away,
 Relents, and only now contrives your stay ;
 The lately fatal and infectious ill
 Courts the fair princess, and forgets to kill :
 In vain on fevers curses we dispense,
 And vent our passion's angry eloquence ;
 In vain we blast the ministers of Fate,
 And the forlorn physicians imprecate ;

Say they to death new poisons add, and fire,
 Murder securely for reward and hire;
 Art's basilisks, that kill whome'er they see,
 And truly write bills of mortality;
 Who, lest the bleeding corpse should them betray,
 First drain those vital speaking streams away.
 And will you, by your flight, take part with these,
 Become yourself a third and new disease?
 If they have caus'd our loss, then so have you,
 Who take yourself and the fair princess too:
 For we, depriv'd, an equal damage have,
 When France doth ravish hence, as when the grave:
 But that your choice th' unkindness doth improve,
 And direliction adds to your remove.

ROCHESTER, of Wadham College.

AN EPILOGUE.

SOME few, from wit, have this true maxim got,
 "That 'tis still better to be pleas'd than not;" }
 And therefore never their own torment plot:
 While the malicious critics still agree
 To loath each play they come and pay to see.
 The first know 'tis a meaner part of sense
 To find a fault, than taste an excellence:
 Therefore they praise, and strive to like; while these
 Are dully vain of being hard to please.
 Poets and women have an equal right }
 To hate the dull, who, dead to all delight
 Feel pain alone, and have no joy but spite.
 'Twas impotence did first this vice begin:
 Fools censure wit, as old men rail at sin;
 Who envy pleasure which they cannot taste,
 And, good for nothing, would be wise at last.
 Since therefore to the women it appears, }
 That all the enemies of wit are their's,
 Our poet the dull herd no longer fears.
 Whate'er his fate may prove, 'twill be his pride
 To stand or fall with beauty on his side.

AN ALLUSION
TO THE
TENTH SATIRE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

WELL, Sir, 'tis granted; I said Dryden's rhymes
Were stol'n, unequal, nay, dull, many times:
What foolish patron is there found of his,
So blindly partial to deny me this?
But that his plays, embroider'd up and down
With learning, justly pleas'd the town,
In the same paper I as freely own. }
Yet, having this allow'd, the heavy mass
That stuffs up his loose volumes, must not pass;
For by that rule I might as well admit
Crown's tedious scenes for poetry and wit.
'Tis therefore not enough, when your false sense
Hits the false judgment of an audience
Of clapping fools assembling, a vast crowd,
Till the throng'd playhouse crack'd with the dull
load;
Though ev'n that talent merits, in some sort,
That can divert the rabble and the court,
Which blundering Settle never could obtain,
And puzzling Otway labours at in vain:
But within due proportion circumscribe
Whate'er you write, that with a flowing tide
The style may rise, yet in its rise forbear
With useless words t'oppress the weary'd ear.
Here be your language lofty, there more light,
Your rhetoric with your poetry unite.
For elegance' sake, sometimes allay the force
Of epithets; 'twill soften the discourse.
A jest in scorn points out and hits the thing
More home, than the remotest satire's sting.
Shakspeare and Jonson did in this excel,
And might herein be imitated well;
Whom refin'd Etherege copies not at all,
But is himself a sheer original,

Nor that slow drudge in swift Pindaric strains,
 Flatman, who Cowley imitates with pains,
 And rides a jaded Muse, whipp'd, with loose reins. }
 When Lee makes temperate Scipio fret and rave,
 And Hannibal a whining, amorous slave,
 I laugh, and wish the hot-brain'd fustian fool
 In Busby's hands, to be well lashed at school.
 Of all our modern wits, none seem to me }
 Once to have touch'd upon true comedy,
 But hasty Shadwell and slow Wycherley.
 Shadwell's unfinished works do yet impart
 Great proofs of force of nature, none of art ;
 With just, bold strokes he dashes here and there,
 Shewing great mastery with little care,
 Scorning to varnish his good touches o'er,
 To make the fools and women praise them more.
 But Wycherley earns hard whate'er he gains ;
 He wants no judgment, and he spares no pains :
 He frequently excels, and, at the least,
 Makes fewer faults than any of the rest.
 Waller, by nature, for the Bays designed, }
 With force and fire, and fancy unconfin'd,
 In panegyric does excel mankind.
 He best can turn, enforce, and soften things.
 To praise great conquerors, and flatter kings.
 For pointed satire I would Buckhurst choose,
 The best good man with the worst-natur'd Muse.
 For songs and verses mannerly obscene, }
 That can stir Nature up by springs unseen,
 And, without forcing blushes, warm the queen ;
 Sedley has that prevailing, gentle art,
 That can with a resistless power impart ;
 The loosest wishes to the chastest heart, }
 Raise such a conflict, kindle such a fire,
 Betwixt declining virtue and desire,
 Till the poor vanquish'd maid dissolves away,
 In dreams all night, in sighs and tears all day.
 Dryden in vain try'd this nice way of wit ;
 For he, to be a tearing blade, thought fit

To give the ladies a dry bawdy bob ;
 And thus he got the name of Poet Squab.
 But, to be just, 'twill to his praise be found,
 His excellencies more than faults abound :
 Nor dare I from his sacred temples tear
 The laurel, which he best deserves to wear.
 But does not Dryden find ev'n Jonson dull ?
 Beaumont and Fletcher uncorrect, and full
 Of lewd lines, as he calls them ? Shakspeare's style
 Stiff and affected ? To his own, the while,
 Allowing all the justice that his pride
 So arrogantly had to these deny'd ?
 And may not I have leave impartially
 To search and censure Dryden's works, and try
 If those gross faults his choice pen doth commit
 Proceed from want of judgment, or of wit ?
 Or if his lumpish fancy does refuse
 Spirit and grace to his loose flattern Muse ?
 Five hundred verses every morning writ,
 Prove him no more a poet than a wit :
 Such scribbling authors have been seen before ;
 Mustapha, the Island Princess, forty more,
 Were things perhaps compos'd in half an hour. }
 To write what may securely stand the test
 Of being well read over thrice at least ;
 Compare each phrase, examine every line,
 Weigh every word, and every thought refine ;
 Scorn all applause the vile rout can bestow,
 And be content to please those few who know.
 Canst thou be such a vain mistaken thing,
 To wish thy works might make a play-house ring
 With the unthinking laughter and poor praise
 Of fops and ladies, factious for thy plays ?
 Then send a cunning friend to learn thy doom
 From the shrewd judges in the drawing room.
 I've no ambition on that idle score,
 But say with Betty Morice, heretofore,
 When a court lady call'd her Buckhurst's* whore: }

* The same probably who is celebrated by Lord Buckhurst (or Dorset) in his Poems. See Gent. Mag. 1780. p. 218.

I please one man of wit, am proud on't too,
 Let all the coxcombs dance to bed to you.
 Should I be troubled when the purblind knight,
 Who squints more in his judgment than his sight,
 Picks silly faults, and censures what I write?
 Or when the poor fed poets of the town
 For scabs and coach-room cry my verses down?
 I loath the rabble; 'tis enough for me
 If Sedley, Shadwell, Wycherley,
 Godolphin, Butler, Buckhurst, Buckingham,
 And some few more, whom I omit to name,
 Approve my sense: I count their censure fame.

TO SIR CAR SCROPE.

[Sir Car Scrope, who thought himself reflected on at the latter end of the preceding Poem, published a Poem "In Defence of Satire," which occasioned the following Reply.]

To rack and torture thy unmeaning brain,
 In Satire's praise to a low untun'd strain,
 In thee was most impertinent and vain.
 When in thy person we more clearly see
 That Satire's of divine authority,
 For God made one on man when he made thee;
 To shew there were some men, as there are apes,
 Fram'd for mere sport, who differ but in shapes:
 In thee are all these contradictions join'd,
 That makes an ass prodigious and refin'd.
 A lump deform'd and shapeless wert thou born,
 Begot in Love's despight, Nature's scorn;
 And art grown up the most ungrateful wight,
 Harsh to the ear, and hideous to the sight;
 Yet Love's thy business, Beauty thy delight.
 Curse on that silly hour that first inspir'd
 Thy madness, to pretend to be admir'd;
 To paint thy grisly face, to dance, to dress,
 And all those awkward follies, that express
 Thy lothesome love and filthy daintiness.
 Who needs wilt be an ugly Beau-Garçon,
 Spit at, and shunn'd by every girl in town;

Where dreadfully Love's scarecrow thou art plac'd,
 To fright the tender flock that long to taste :
 While every coming maid, when you appear,
 Starts back for shame, and strait turns chaste for fear;
 For none so poor or prostitute have prov'd,
 Where you made love t'endure to be belov'd.
 'Twere labour lost, or else I would advise :
 But thy half-wit would ne'er let thee be wise,
 Half witty, and half mad, and scarce half brave,
 Half honest (which is very much a knave)
 Made up of all these halves, thou canst not pass
 For any thing entirely but an ass.

EPILOGUE.

AS charms are nonsense, nonsense seems a charm,
 Which hearers of all judgment does disarm ;
 For songs and scenes a double audience bring,
 And doggrel takes, which smiths in satin sing.
 Now to machines and a dull mask you run ;
 We find that wit's the monster you would shun,
 And, by my troth, 'tis discreetly done. }
 For since with vice and folly wit is fed,
 Through mercy 'tis most of you ar' n't dead.
 Players turn puppets now at your desire,
 In their mouth's nonsense, in their tail's a wire ; }
 They fly thro' crowds of clouts and show'rs of fire. }
 A kind of losing Loadum is their game,
 Where the worst writer has the greatest fame.
 To get vile plays like their's shall be our care ;
 But of such awkward actors we despair.
 False taught at first.....
 Like bowls ill bias'd, still the more they run,
 They're further off than when they first begun ;
 In comedy their unweigh'd action mark,
 There's one is such a dear familiar spark,
 He yawns as if he were but half awake,
 And fribbling for free-speaking does mistake ;

False accent and neglectful action too :
 They have both so nigh good, yet neither true,
 That both together, like an ape's mock face,
 By near resembling man, do man disgrace.
 Thorough-paced ill actors may, perhaps, be cur'd ;
 Half-players, like half-wits, can't be endur'd.
 Yet these are they, who durst expose the age
 Of the great * wonder of the English stage ;
 Whom nature seem'd to form for your delight,
 And bid him speak, as she bid Shakspeare write.
 Those blades indeed are cripples in their art,
 Mimic his foot, but not his speaking part.
 Let them the traitor of Volpone try,
 Could they.....

Rage like Cethegus, or like Cassius die,
 They ne'er had sent to Paris for such fancies,
 As monsters' heads and Merry-Andrew's dances.
 Wither'd, perhaps, not perish'd, we appear ;
 But they are blighted, and ne'er came to bear.
 Th' old poets dress'd your mistress Wit before ;
 These draw you on with an old painted whore,
 And sell, like bawds, patch'd plays for maids
 twice o'er.

Yet they may scorn our house and actors too,
 Since they have swell'd so high to hector you.
 They cry, Pox o' these Covent-garden men ;
 Damn them, not one of them but keeps out ten.
 Were they once gone, we for those thundering
 blades

Should have an audience of substantial trades,
 Who love our muzzled boys and tearing fellows,
 My Lord, great Neptune, and great nephew Æolus.
 O how the merry citizen's in love
 With.....

Psyche, the goddess of each field and grove.
 He cries, I' faith, methinks 'tis well enough ;
 But you roar out and cry, 'Tis all damn'd stuff !
 So to their house the graver fops repair ;
 While men of wit find one another here.

* Major Mohan.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN AT THE 'COURT AT WHITEHALL,
BEFORE KING CHARLES II. BY THE
LADY ELIZABETH HOWARD.

WIT has of late took up a trick t' appear
Unmannerly, or at the best, severe ;
And poets share the fate by which we fall,
When kindly we attempt to please you all.
'Tis hard your scorn should against such prevail,
Whose ends are to divert you, though they fail.
You men would think it an ill-natur'd jest,
Should we laugh at you when you do your best.
Then rail not here though you see reason for't ;
If wit can find itself no better sport,
Wit is a very foolish thing at court.
Wit's business is to please, and not to fright ;
'Tis no wit to be always in the right ;
You'll find it none, who dare be so to-night.
Few so ill-bred will venture to a play,
To spy out faults in what we women say,
For us, no matter what we speak, but how :
How kindly can we say—I hate you now !
And for the men, if you'll laugh at them, do ;
They mind themselves so much, they'll ne'er mind
you.

But why do I descend to lose a prayer
On those small saints in wit ? the god sits there !

To the King.

To you (Great SIR) my message hither tends,
From Youth and Beauty, your allies and friends ;
See my credentials written in my face ;
They challenge your protection in this place ;
And hither come with such a force of charms,
As may give check ev'n to your prosperous arms.
Millions of Cupids hovering in the rear,
Like eagles following, fatal troops ! appear ;

All waiting for the slaughter which draws nigh,
Of those bold gazers who this night must die.
Nor can you 'scape our soft captivity,
From which old age alone must set you free.
Then tremble at the fatal consequence,
Since 'tis well known, for your own part, great
Prince,

'Gainst us you still have made a weak defence.
Be generous and wise, and take our part;
Remember we have eyes, and you a heart;
Else you may find, too late, that we are things
Born to kill vassals, and to conquer kings.
But oh to what vain conquest I pretend!
While Love is our commander and your friend,
Our victory your empire more assures;
For Love will ever make the triumph your's.



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Rochester, John Wilmot <<of>>,

The poetical works of the Earl of Rochester with the life of the author

London [1800]

P.o.angl. 343

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